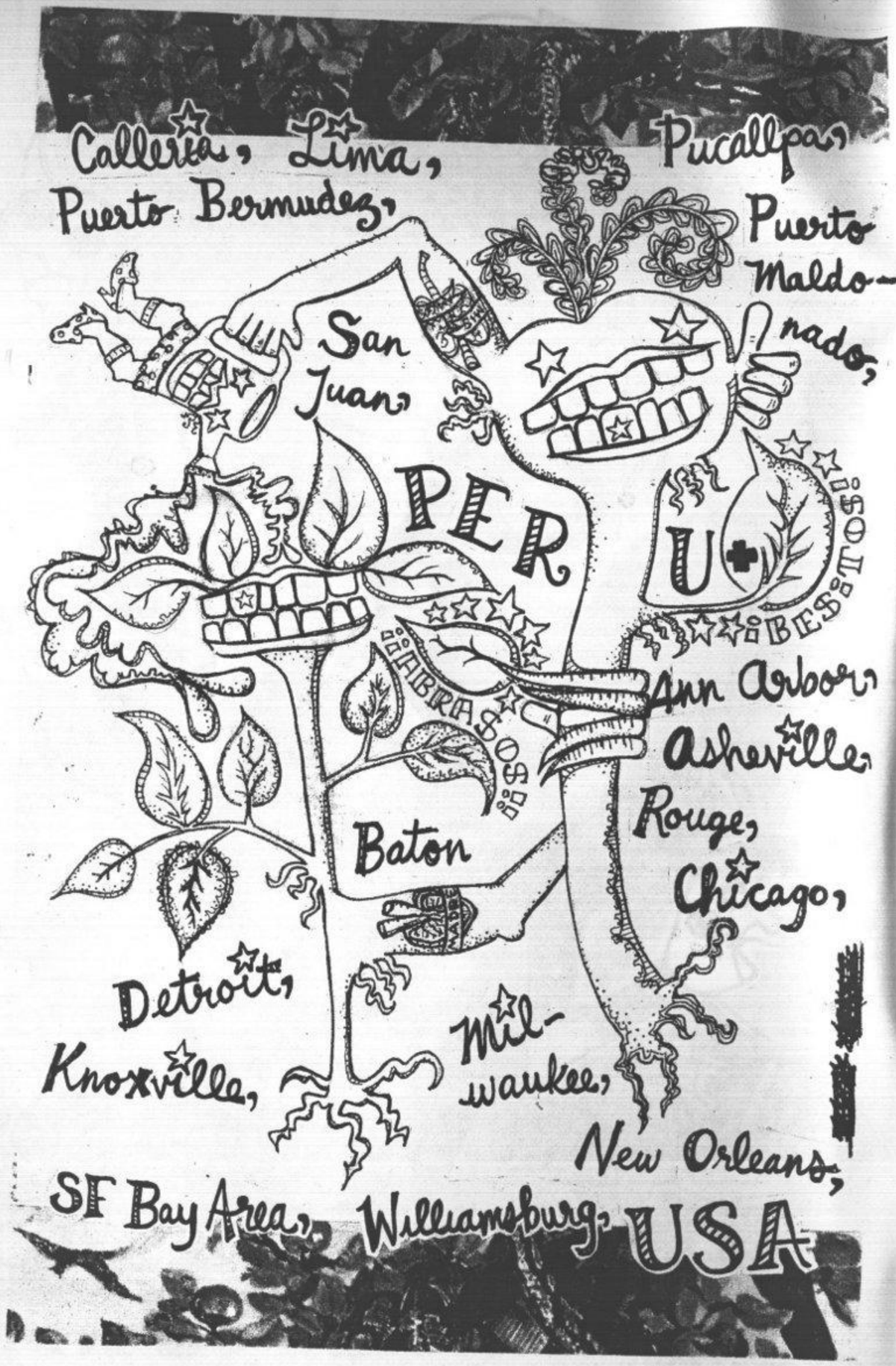
¡ELECTRO MADRE



TO A THIRTY-MINUTE READ MORE THAN A YEAR IN THE MAKING. NOT TO FOOL YOU IN TO HIGH EXPECTATIONS — IT HAS ONLY TAKEN THIS LONG BECAUSE I'VE BEEN EITHER TOO BUSY DOING SOMETHING TO WRITE ABOUT ANY OF IT, OR DOING TOO MUCH NOTHING TO HAVE ANYTHING TO WRITE ABOUT. WHEN I AM OUT ON ADVENTURES I WOULD RATHER GO OUT AND EXPLORE THAN SIT AROUND AND WRITE DOWN ALL THAT I'VE BEEN SEEING & HEARING & DOING, AND I TELL MYSELF I WILL RECORD EVERYTHING THAT NEEDS IT WHEN I SETTLE BACK DOWN AND HAVE NOTHING TO DO — THAT ANYTHING IMPORTANT ENOUGH TO BE REMEMBERED I WILL NOT FORGET. I GIVE ALL MY LITTLE FUTURE MES TOO MUCH CREDIT; I FORGET, APPROPRIATELY ENOUGH, THAT I HAVE THE MEMORY OF AN OVERGLORIFIED GOLDFISH, WITH A MUCH BIGGER AND MORE EXCITING BOWL.

WHEN I GET HOME FROM ROAMING EITHER I GET AN[redacted]TSY AND GO[redacted] OUT AGAIN, NEW OPPORTUNITIES ARISE, I GET DISTRACTED BY OTHER PROJECTS, COMICS AND COLLAGES AND PORTRAITS OF DREAM-BEASTIES, OR I GET DEPRESSED AND STUCK IN LAZY-RUTS AND SMOKE

LOTS OF WEED TO COVER UP BUT REALLY JUST ACCENTUATE THE PROBLEM - DOING SO MUCH, REMEMBERING SO LITTLE, NOT KNOWING HOW TO SHARE EXPERIENCES WITH OTHER PEOPLE BUT FEELING LIKE THEY AREN'T TRULY MINE UNTIL I DO. GETTING NEUROTIC AS FUCK ABOUT SOMETHING THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE FUN - THAT IS FUN, THAT I DO LOVE BUT WOULD PROBABLY ENJOY A LOT MORE IF I COULD JUST CHILL THE FUCK OUT ABOUT IT (STORY OF MY LIFE, IF I REMEMBER CORRECTLY...)

THIS ZINE WAS ORIGINALLY GOING TO BE ABOUT THE TWO MONTHS I SPENT IN PERU IN EARLY 2011 AND I FIGURED BEFORE I WENT DOWN THERE I WAS JUST GOING TO WRITE A LITTLE BIT EVERY DAY AND DO FORMATS AND BACKGROUNDS AND ALL THE FUN ARTY STUFF, PUT EVERYTHING TOGETHER WHEN I GOT BACK TO MICHIGAN AND HAVE THE WHOLE THING READY IN TIME FOR CHICAGO ZINE FEST IN MARCH. BECAUSE IT IS GOOD TO SET DEADLINES FOR YOURSELF WHEN YOU KNOW YOU NEED THEM SOMETIMES, I GUESS, BUT ALSO (MOSTLY) BECAUSE MY FAVORITE WRITER WAS GOING TO BE THERE AND I WANTED TO HAVE SOMETHING TO GIVE HIM THAT DIDN'T FEATURE AN INCREDIBLY UNPROFESSIONAL (OR WHATEVER YOU WOULD CALL IT; A FEW PEOPLE GIVING ME A COUPLE DOLLARS DOES NOT REALLY MAKE THIS A PROFESSION) REFERENCE TO WHAT A BABE HE IS, LIKE MY LAST ZINE DID. BUT! I WAS IN FUCKING PERU, AND THERE WERE JUNGLES TO EXPLORE AND EMPANADAS TO EAT AND RIVERS TO UNWISELY SWIM IN, PEOPLE TO MEET AND MOUNTAINS TO CLIMB AND SOCCER TO PLAY AND FLEA MARKETS AND DANCE CLUBS TO SLEAZE AROUND, CREATURES TO SEE AND FLOATING MEADOWS TO GET OUR BOAT STUCK AND SUBSEQUENTLY ATTACKED BY A SHITLOAD OF ANTS IN, FUCKED UP JUNGLE GUT-ROT TO SUFFER THROUGH.

WHEN I RETURNED TO THE U.S. I FIGURED I WOULD HOLE UP AT FLEETWOOD FOR A FEW DAYS AND GET EVERYTHING WRITTEN DOWN WHILE IT WAS ALL STILL FRESH AND RELATIVELY INTACT IN MY MEMORY - BUT I WENT TO NEW ORLEANS INSTEAD. FOR A WHILE - I DON'T EVEN REMEMBER HOW LONG. EVEN ON THE DAY WE LEFT I COULD NOT HAVE TOLD YOU HOW LONG WE HAD BEEN THERE, I DON'T THINK, TO THE WEEK EVEN. NEW ORLEANS WAS A WALKING DAYDREAM AND A NIGHTMARE AND A SHITSTORM AND A SEXY WONDERFUL FUCKED-UP DANGEROUSLY CRAZY PARTY, AND BY THE TIME WE LEFT IT SEEMED LIKE EVEN [redacted] ONE MORE DAY WOULD HAVE KILLED SOMEBODY.

SO THAT DID WONDERS FOR MY MEMORY RETENTION, OBVIOUSLY, AND FROM THERE IT WAS ONLY MORE TRAVELING AND MORE DRINKING AND MORE IMPULSIVE UNPRODUCTIVE BEHAVIOR. ASHEVILLE, CHICAGO (ZINELESS ZINE FEST), LOTS OF BACK N' FORTH BETWEEN ANN ARBOR AND DETROIT, TENNESSEE + KENTUCKY, MOVING OUT OF ONE HOUSE AND INTO ANOTHER, GOING BACK TO SCHOOL FOR MY VERY LAST SEMESTER AFTER ALL THAT TIME OFF AND PRETENDING TO BE AN ADULT AGAIN.

FOUR

NOW ALL OF A SUDDEN WITHOUT ME REALLY KNOWING HOW IT HAPPENED IT IS OCTOBER AND IN TWO MONTHS I AM FINISHING COLLEGE AND LEAVING MICHIGAN FOR GOOD (OR BAD, OR WHO KNOWS WHAT). OBVIOUSLY AT THIS POINT MY ZINE WILL NOT BE ALL ABOUT PERU AND WITH ALL MY MEMORIES SO FRAGMENTED AND MIXED-UP AND VAGUE AND MUDDLED TOGETHER I OFTEN WONDER WHY I SHOULD EVEN BOTHER TRYING TO WRITE DOWN ANYTHING AT ALL. BUT THIS ZINE HAS BECOME KIND OF A NEUROTIC OBSESSION AND I HAVE BEEN THINKING ABOUT IT FOR SO LONG THAT I WILL FEEL SORT OF STUNTED UNTIL IT IS DONE. EVEN WITH SO MUCH OF ITS INTENDED SUBJECT BRAIN MATTER TAKING PLACE OUTSIDE OF MICHIGAN, THE IDEA OF MAKING THIS ZINE HAS BECOME VERY TIED IN MY HEAD TO THE REALITY OF LIVING HERE (PROBABLY BECAUSE IT IS TIME FOR THEM BOTH TO BE OVER) AND COME DECEMBER EVEN AS I PACK UP ALL OF MY SHIT AND MOVE OUT OF MY HOUSE AND GET MY SCARY GROWN-UP DEGREE AND TRIUMPHANTLY WORK MY LAST DAYS IN THE SAME FUCKING DISH PIT WHERE I HAVE BEEN EATING RICH KIDS' LEFTOVERS AND GETTING INADVERTENTLY COVERED IN RANCH DRESSING AND FOOD-GOO FOR THE LAST FOUR YEARS, I WILL NOT FEEL LIKE I AM OFFICIALLY WRAPPING UP MY LITTLE MIDWEST MINI-LIFE AND STARTING ANEW IF I AM STILL WORKING ON THIS SAME FUCKING ZINE THAT I HAVE BEEN FREAKING OUT OVER FOR MONTHS NOW. I DON'T REALLY KNOW WHERE I AM GOING BUT WHEN I GET THERE IT WOULD BE NICE TO GET TO PRETEND LIKE I AM THE SORT OF PERSON WHO HAS SOME SHADOWY NOTION OF MY SHIT TOGETHER,

five

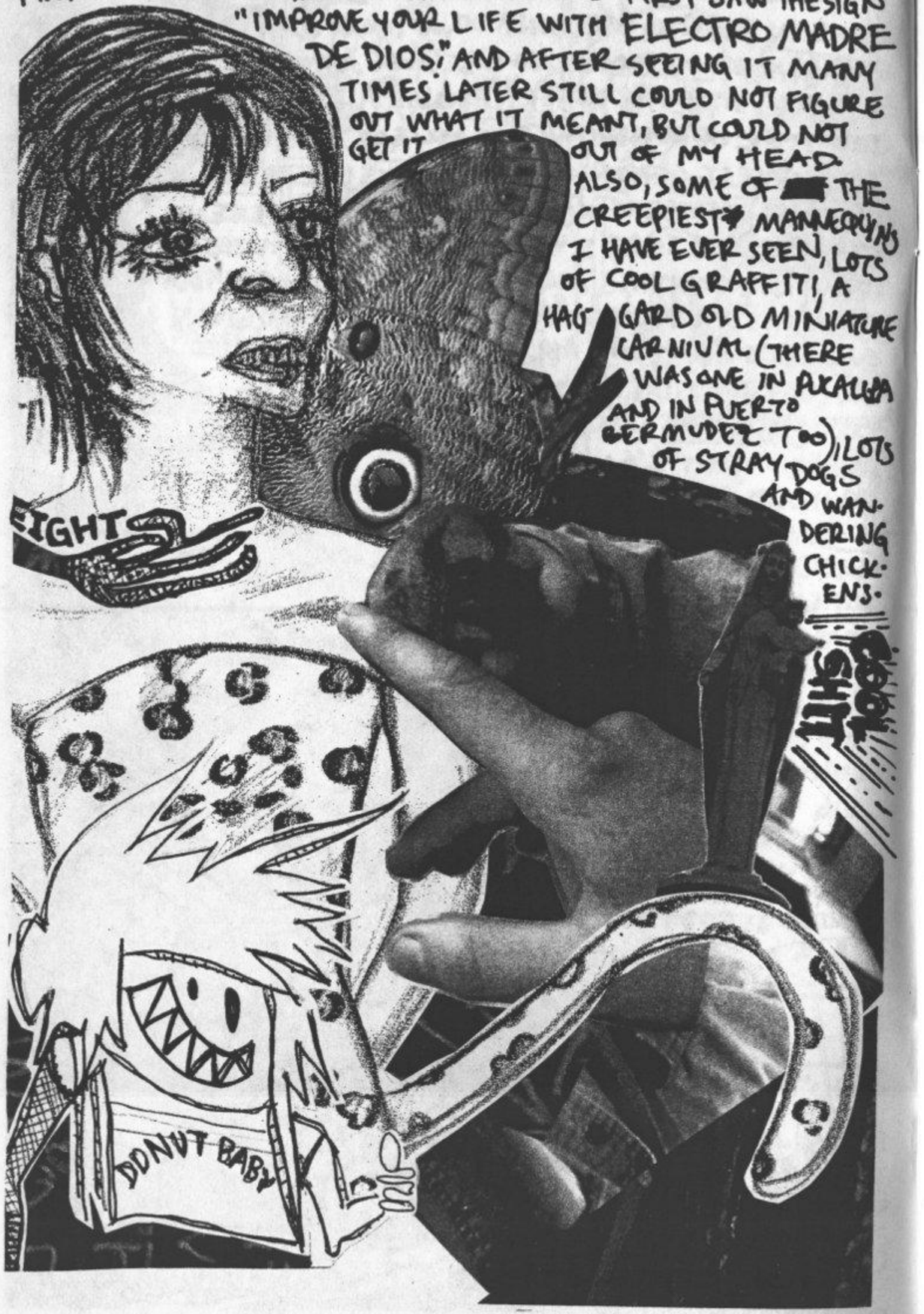
WHO GETS THINGS DONE WHEN I FEEL THAT I OUGHT TO, AND WHO MAKES ZINES THAT AREN'T MOSTLY ABOUT HOW FUCKING SPACE-CADET SHITTY-PSYCHO I AM AT MAKING ZINES. BUT WE'LL SEE. FOR NOW THIS IS WHERE I AM AND THIS IS WHAT I'M WORKING ON AND HOPEFULLY IT WILL NOT TURN OUT THE STEAMING PILE OF CLUSTERCUSS NONSENSE I HAVE ALREADY CONVINCED MYSELF IT WILL BE. I WOULD LIKE TO DO JUSTICE TO THE PAST BEFORE I GET ALL CAUGHT UP IN THE FUTURE BUT WITH THE AMOUNT OF TIME I'VE LET PASS AND ALL THE BAD HABITS I'VE INDULGED IN, THE FIRST IS LIKELY TO BE ABOUT AS VAGUE AND FOGGY AS THE OTHER. BUT OH WELL. I AM RAMBLING (FIVE PAGES ALREADY + I HAVEN'T REALLY SAID ANYTHING) AND I OUGHT TO JUST GET ON WITH WHAT I'VE SET OUT TO DO. I SINCERELY HOPE YOU ENJOY THE RESULTS AND GO ON TO HAVE THE GODDAMN BEAUTIFUL DAY YOU DESERVE WHEN YOU'RE DONE WITH 'EM.

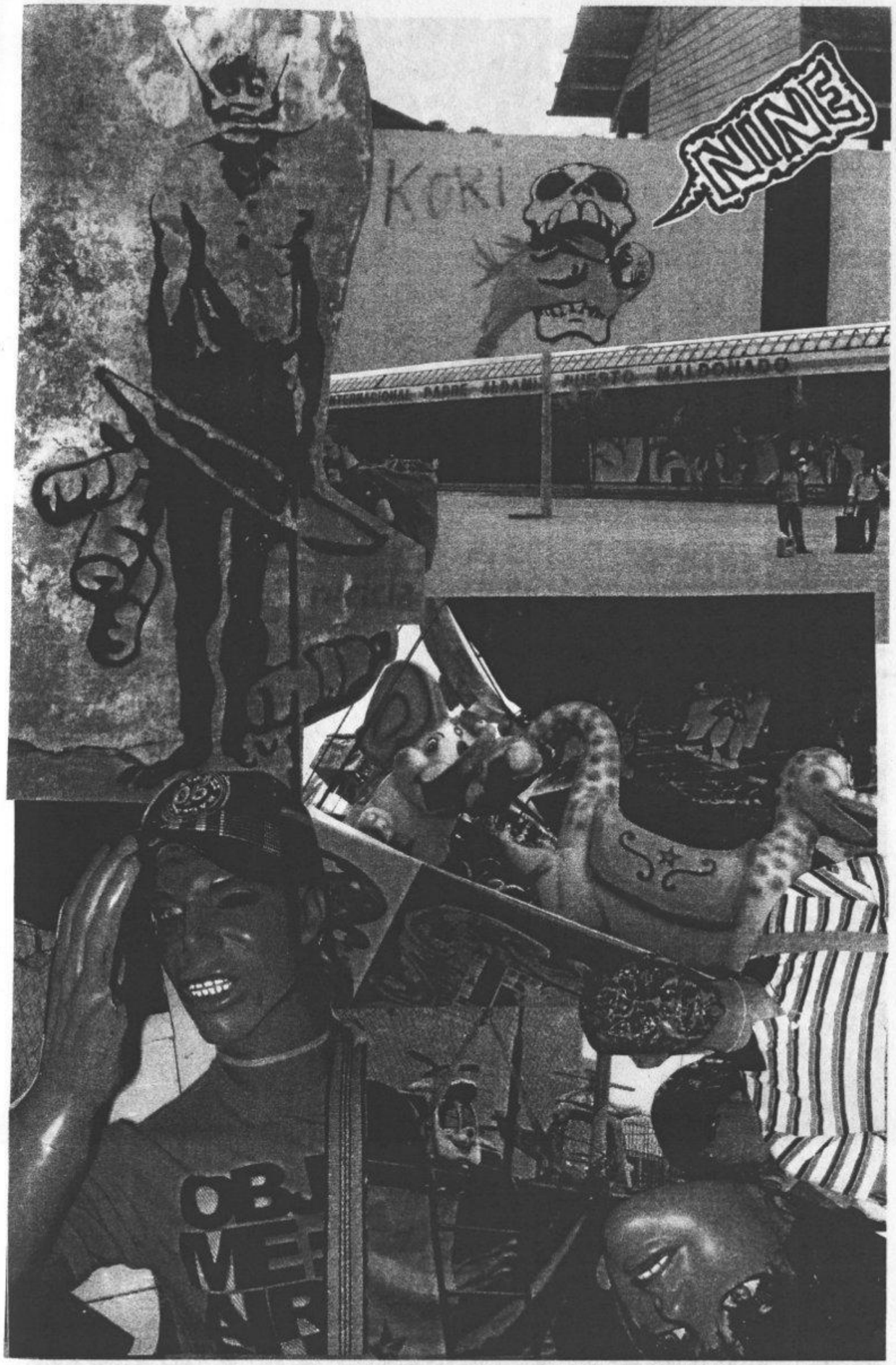
—MARGOT

WHERE IS MY IMPRESSION OF CHICAGO ZINE FEST

BESIDES ALL SORTS OF FUN IN AIRPORTS, WE ..... BASICALLY STARTED OFF THE PERU EXPERIENCE IN PUERTO MALDONADO, A TOWN OF MAYBE 100,000 PEOPLE (SO LIKE ANN ARBOR, I THINK) WITH AN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT THE SIZE OF MAYBE A KROGER (GOD THIS IS SO MIDWEST-CENTRIC — OKAY, THE SIZE OF A SAFEWAY). MAYBE IT WAS BECAUSE THAT'S WHERE WE STARTED AND THAT'S WHERE I FIRST REALLY SAW PERU (NOT COUNTING AN HOUR DRIVE THROUGH LIMA FROM THE AIRPORT TO A HOSTEL THAT HAD GIVEN OUR BEDS AWAY, AND AN HOUR BACK) AND SMELLED WHAT IT VERY DISTINCTLY SMELLS LIKE [redacted] AND BECAME AWARE OF SHIT I'D NEVER SEEN OR HEARD OR TASTED - BUT I THINK ABOVE EVERYTHING ELSE PUERTO MALDONADO WAS MY FAVORITE PLACE OF THE WHOLE TRIP. TUK-TUKS FUCKING EVERYWHERE + A HUGE FLEA MARKET AND FRUIT STANDS AND CIGARETTE STANDS AND A BIG OPEN PLAZA WITH ALL THE TREES HUNG WITH RELIGIOUS TRINKETS AND CHRISTMAS ORNAMENTS, + SOME NICE SLEAZY DANCE CLUBS AND

BIZARRE SCULPTURES INCLUDING ONE, TOWERING OVER MOST EVERYTHING ELSE IN TOWN, A GIANT BRIGHT-ASS PINK VIRGIN MARY. THE PLACE WHERE I FIRST SAW THE SIGN "IMPROVE YOUR LIFE WITH ELECTRO MADRE DE DIOS," AND AFTER SEEING IT MANY TIMES LATER STILL COULD NOT FIGURE OUT WHAT IT MEANT, BUT COULD NOT GET IT OUT OF MY HEAD. ALSO, SOME OF THE CREEPIEST MANNEQUINS I HAVE EVER SEEN, LOTS OF COOL GRAFFITI, A HAGGARD OLD MINIATURE CARNIVAL (THERE WAS ONE IN ARECIBO AND IN PUERTO BERMUDEZ TOO), LOTS OF STRAY DOGS AND WANDERING CHICKENS.





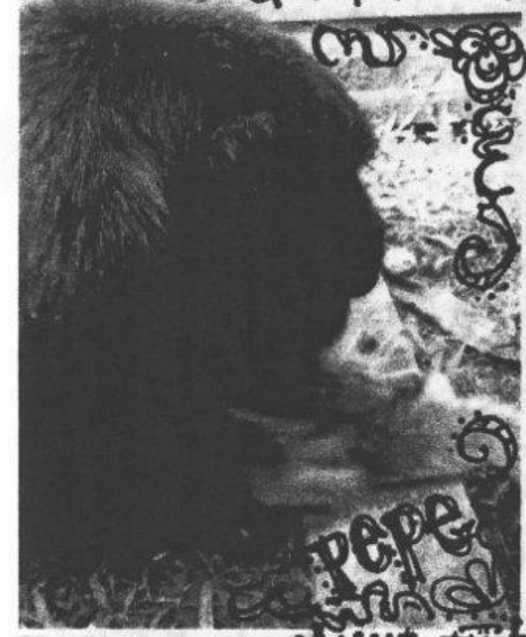
:LTOGETHER I THINK WE PENT MAYBE EIGHT OR VINE DAYS TOTAL IN PUERTO NALDONADO, SPLIT UP INTO HREE CHUNKS WITH A VEEK AND A HALF EACH AT CICRA AND TAMBOPATA IN BETWEEN. THEN TWO DAYS IN LIMA WHERE I WAS SICK AS FUCK IN THE HOSTEL NITH WALLS SPINNING AND FURNITURE MOVING AND DIDN'T REALLY GET OUT MUCH. THEN PUCALLPA FOR MAYBE FIVE DAYS ALTOGETHER WITH ALL SORTS OF NOW MIXED-UP OUT-OF-ORDER OTHER PLACES AMONG THEM, CALLERIA FOR MAYBE THREE AND SAN JUAN FOR MAYBE SIX AND DUE TO CRAZY FLOODING PUERTO BERMUDEZ FOR CERTAINLY MORE DAYS THAN WE WANTED TO BE IN PUERTO BERMUDEZ (THOUGH IT ENDED UP GROWING ON ME) - FOUR OR FIVE MAYBE. THIS IS A LITTLE CONFUSING - I THINK IT WAS 50 DAYS IN ALL AND BASICALLY ALL OVER THE PLACE. BEFORE I TRICK ANYONE INTO THINKING I HAVE MY SHIT WELL ENOUGH TOGETHER TO PLAN THIS VERY COMPLEX AND DISASTER-FREE WHIRLWIND TOUR OF SOUTHEASTERN [redacted] WILL SHOVE MY LITTLE SALES PITCH IN HERE + SAY THAT I WAS JUST LUCKY ENOUGH TO FIND A STUDY-ABROAD SORT OF THING THAT ALLOWED ME TO TRADE IN WHAT WOULD HAVE BEEN FOUR MONTHS

SPENT IN ANN ARBOR TRUDGING THROUGH THE SNOW TO CLASS FOR SEVEN [redacted] WEEKS IN THE GODDAMN BEAUTIFUL AMAZON. THE PROGRAM IS CALLED WILDLANDS STUDIES (THROUGH CSU MONTEREY BAY) AND THEY DO OTHER PROGRAMS IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES ALL OVER IF ANYONE READING THIS HAPPENS TO BE INTERESTED. IF I HAD KNOWN ABOUT THIS EARLIER I PROBABLY WOULD'VE DONE 3 OR 4 OF THEM [redacted] ALL OVER THE PLACE. THE GROUP I TRAVELED WITH WAS 2 PROFESSORS AND 14 OTHER COLLEGE KIDS MOSTLY FROM THE WEST COAST BUT STILL SORT OF ALL OVER (INCLUDING ONE TOKEN [redacted] CANADIAN)

AFTER A FEW DAYS OF GETTING TO KNOW EACH OTHER, LOUNGING AROUND THE HOSTEL, COMPARING BUG SPRAYS AND MALARIA PILLS AND WATER PURIFICATION TRINKETS (CLIQUES ALREADY STARTING TO FORM - GIRLS FREAK ME OUT), EXPLORING PUERTO MALDONADO DISCOVERING THE GREATEST ICE CREAM SHOP OF MY YOUNG LIFE SO FAR — HUGE SUNDAES AND MILKSHAKES AND 75¢ EMPANADAS, MAN, HOLY FUCK), THE ACADEMIC PART OF OUR JOURNEY BEGAN. TECHNICALLY THE SEVEN WEEKS WERE DIVIDED INTO 3 CLASSES - FIELD RESEARCH METHODS IN BIOLOGY, CONSERVATION AND RESOURCE MANAGEMENT IN THE UPPER AMAZON (OR LACK THEREOF - MOST OF THE CLASS CONSISTED OF LEARNING ABOUT ALL OF THE OIL COMPANIES THAT HAVE FUCKED OVER INDIGENOUS PEOPLE AND RUN PIPELINES THROUGH THEIR LAND, MASS DEFORESTATION, GOLD MINING FILLING THE RIVERS WITH MERCURY, &C.) AND INDIGENOUS ANTHROPOLOGY (THE SHIPIBO AND ASHANINKA, OUR TWO HOMESTAYS IN CALLERIA AND SAN JUAN). ... THE BIOLOGY PORTION STARTED AT CICRA (CENTRO INVESTIGACION CAPACITACION RIO AMIGO), A RESEARCH STATION FIVE HOURS BY BOAT UP THE RIVER FROM PUERTO MALDONADO, WHERE WE SPENT 10 DAYS HIKING, PLAYING SOCCER, TAKING CLASSES ABOUT COOL ANIMALS (TO PUT

*I FOUND THIS LEFT ON A DESK AT U-M BUT IT'S APPARENTLY FROM PERU

IT VAGUELY, SIMPLY - ONE OF THE MAIN THINGS I WANTED TO GO TO PERU TO SEE). I [redacted] HAD HOPED FOR A JAGUAR, NEVER GOT ONE. BUT I DID SEE [redacted]: * TWO SQUIRREL MONKEYS GPING AT IT WHILE STARING INTO OUR CAMERAS VEHEMENTLY * A RED HOWLER MONKEY (NAMED PEPE, AT A WILD LIFE REHABILITATION CENTER IN P.M.) HOOTING + GRUMBLING ALONG TO THE RADIO (SALSA, BUT HE SANG LIKE HE WAS IN A GRIND-CORE BAND OR SOMETHING) * A HUMMINGBIRD CAUGHT MIDAIR AND SWALLOWED WHOLE BY A TINY GREEN TREE BOA, WHO GULPED IT DOWN WITH THE LONG BEAK STICKING STRAIGHT FORWARD SO AS NOT TO PUNCTURE ITS SKIN AS IT LAZY-SLITHERED OFF TO DIGEST



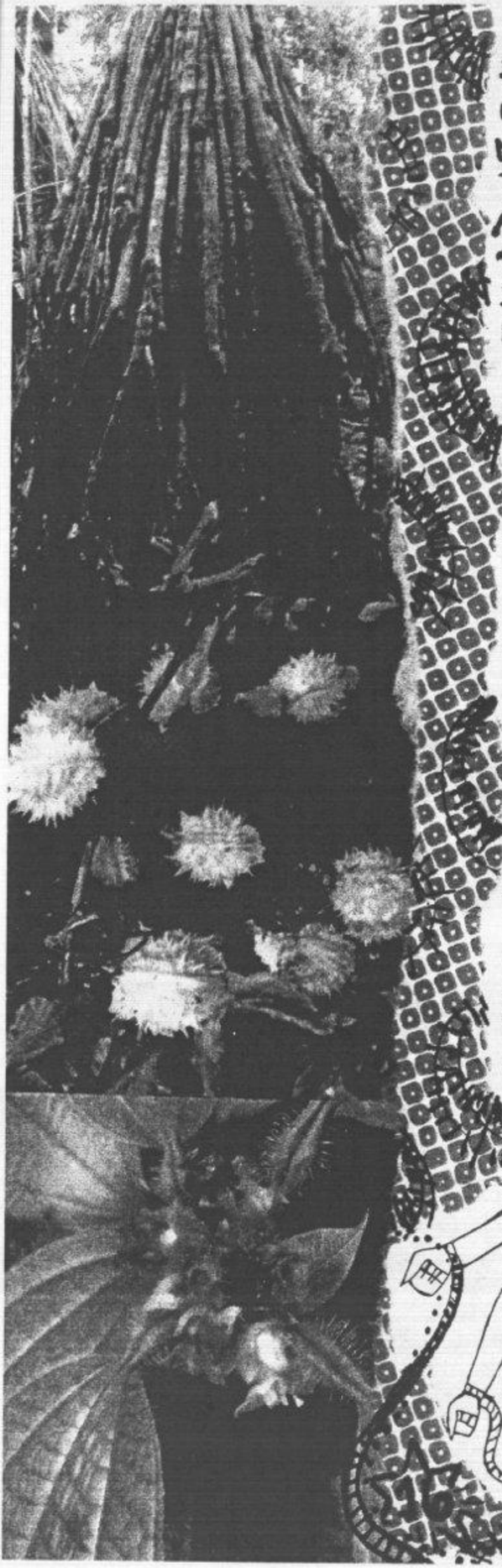
* BABY NIGHT MONKEY !

[redacted] * LITTLE BITTY FROG CHOMPED OPEN & LEFT ON THE FOREST FLOOR WITH ALL ITS INTESTINES HANGING OUT

* OPOSSUM [redacted] BIG SPIDER FOR VERY PLEASANT DREAMS . . .

* NORMAL SIZED LIGHTER FOR SCALE

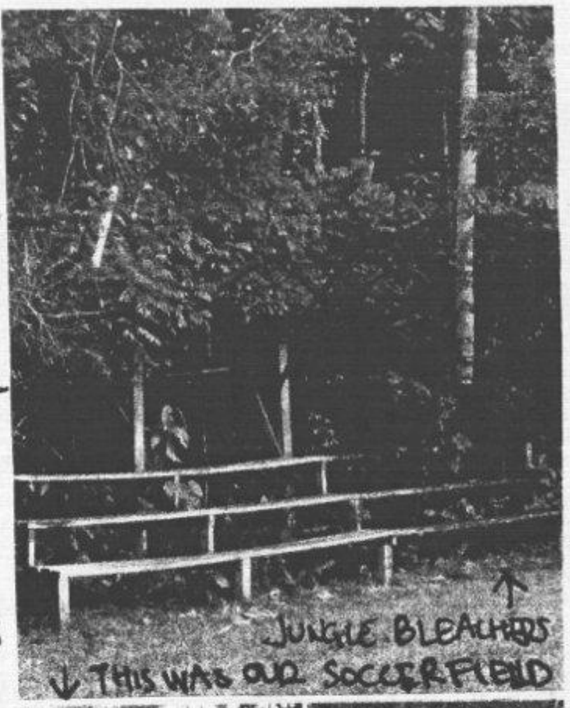
↑ THIS HUGE BASTARD ON THE WALL BY MY BED AT CICRA



MACAWS EATING MUD OFF A HUGE COLLPA FOR SALT AND OTHER NUTRIENTS (FUCK YEAH NUTRIENTS) - PECCARIES! [redacted] TYRAS! TYRAS, NO JOKE, RUNNING ALONG BANKS (LOOKING FIERCE-HA.) LIKE SEVEN DIFFERENT SPECIES OF MONKEYS (FUCKING MONKEYS!) THE ABSOLUTE COOLEST BUGS! PIRANHA! CAIMANS (SORT OF - WE SAW THEIR RED EYES REFLECTING AT NIGHT). GIANT RIVER OTTERS, WHO WHEN THEY FEEL THREATENED, ALL POP THEIR HEADS OUT OF THE WATER AT ONCE AND BUZZ THEIR LIPS AT YOU (LIKE HOW DOGS GO "BOEUF!") IT'S CALLED PORPOISING AND IS PRETTY CUTE AS ALL HELL SO ALL IN ALL JUST EXCELLENCE. MORE INCREDIBLE STUFF THAN MY BRAIN CAN PROCESS, REALLY. MAY THERE ALWAYS BE COOL ANIMALS. AND BEAUTIFUL FUNGI.

... WE WOKE UP MOST DAYS AT CICRA AROUND 6, ATE BREAKFAST AND WENT OUT AS THE SUN WAS GETTING FOR SETTLED / HIKED HOURS +

HOURS AND DID PROJECTS WITH THE RESEARCHERS AND IN BROKEN SPANISH TALKED ABOUT TREES + BIRDS + SPIDERS + BIG CATS. WE WOULD EAT BIG PLATES OF RICE + CHICKEN + BEANS AND THEN SLEEP OR READ OR PLAY BIG SOCCER GAMES WITH ALL THE PEOPLE OF CICRA (WHO ALL SEEMED INHERENTLY FUCKING AWESOME AT SOCCER) UNTIL CLASSES. THEN MORE FOOD AND READING AND HIKING + PROJECTS + COCA TEA (HELL YEAH) AND THEN SLEEP ALWAYS EARLY LIKE 9 BECAUSE ALL THE POWER WAS SOLAR AND AGAIN WE HAD TO WAKE UP NEXT DAY AROUND 6 AND WERE USUALLY [redacted] WORN OUT ANYWAY. IT WAS FANTASTIC & I THINK VERY BRIEFLY I MAY HAVE ACTUALLY BECOME A MORNING PERSON (THIS FEELING, [redacted] LUCKILY, LIKE THE GUTROT, HAS PASSED). MY MALARIA PILLS GAVE ME CRAZY [redacted] VIVID DREAMS AS EXTRA THAT'S WHAT THEY APPARENTLY DO & THE MOSQUITOS WERE KILLER BUT BEYOND THAT I SLEPT EVERY NIGHT IN THAT WONDERFUL WAY YOU TEND TO DO WHEN YOU DO EXCITING STUFF ALL DAY UNTIL [redacted] YOUR BODY GIVES OUT.



↑ JUNGLE BLEACHERS
↓ THIS WAS OUR SOCCER FIELD

↑ MORE SWEET PICTURES FOUND ON A DESK

THEY SAY QUITTING SMOKING NOW AUTOMATICALLY ADDS 10 YEARS TO YOUR LIFE...

LET'S GIVE IT A GO!

iSHUNNED

ORIGINAL BLEND NATURAL AMERICAN PSYCHO

FLIK!

SUDDENLY...

WHERE DID ALL THESE

GODDAMN KIDS COME FROM?!!

CHORIZO

M+N DOO

BOEUF.

TACO HELL $ 103.99

ITOS

OH HELL NO

Fuck a timewarp.

Mysteries of Science EXPLAINED! FEATURING DAVE

melvin cornswallow from cheesy grits, new hampshire, asks:

"why do deer poop in little balls?"

fig. 1

Some have said it is because they have cartilaginous melon ballers lodged in their anuses

such people are hacks. they are not scientists.

now a question for you, mister cornswallow

we are scientists.

do you know frank sinatra?

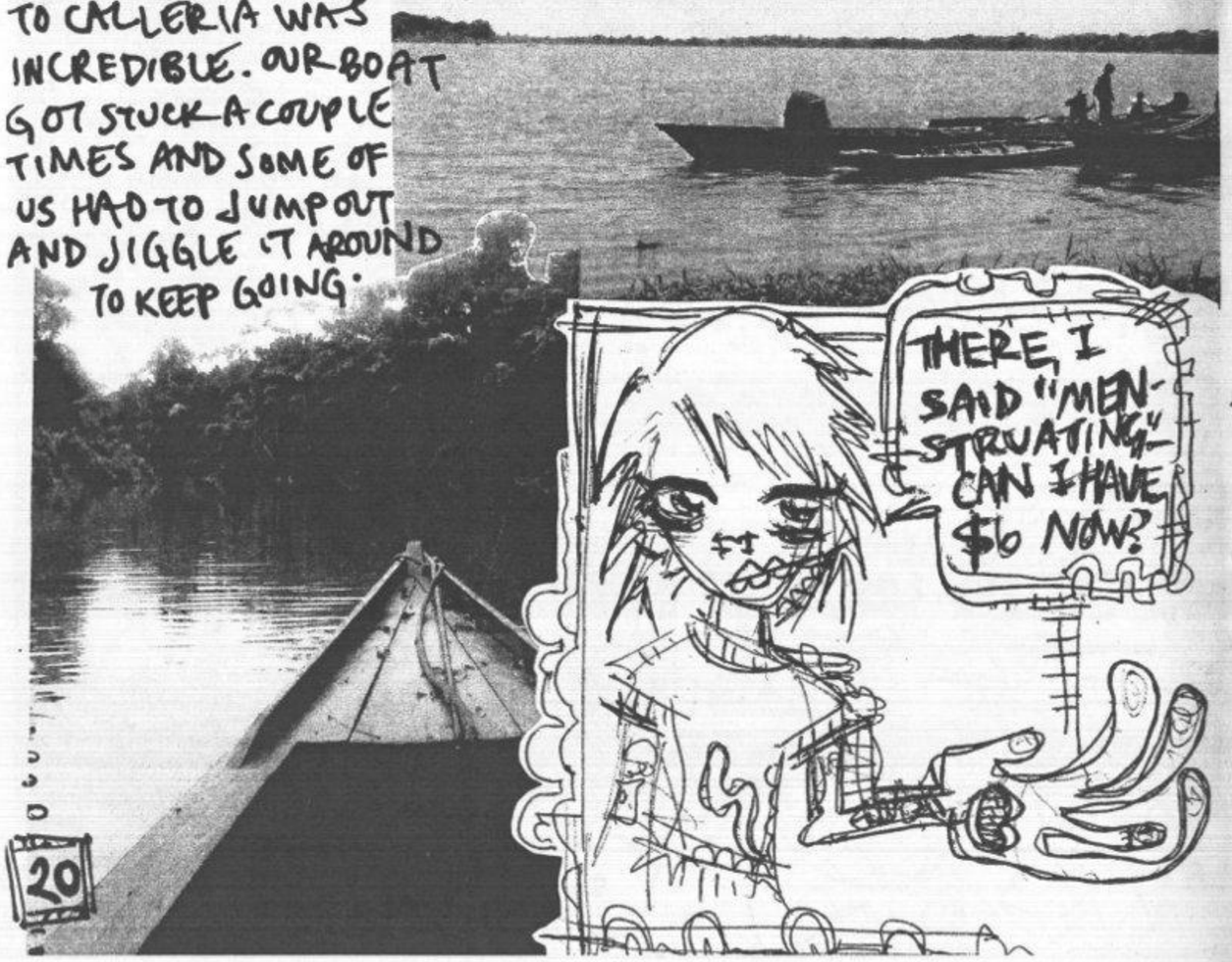
he's dead... dead! hah aha ha h ahaha

deer poop in little balls due to tiny busy hands in their sphincters

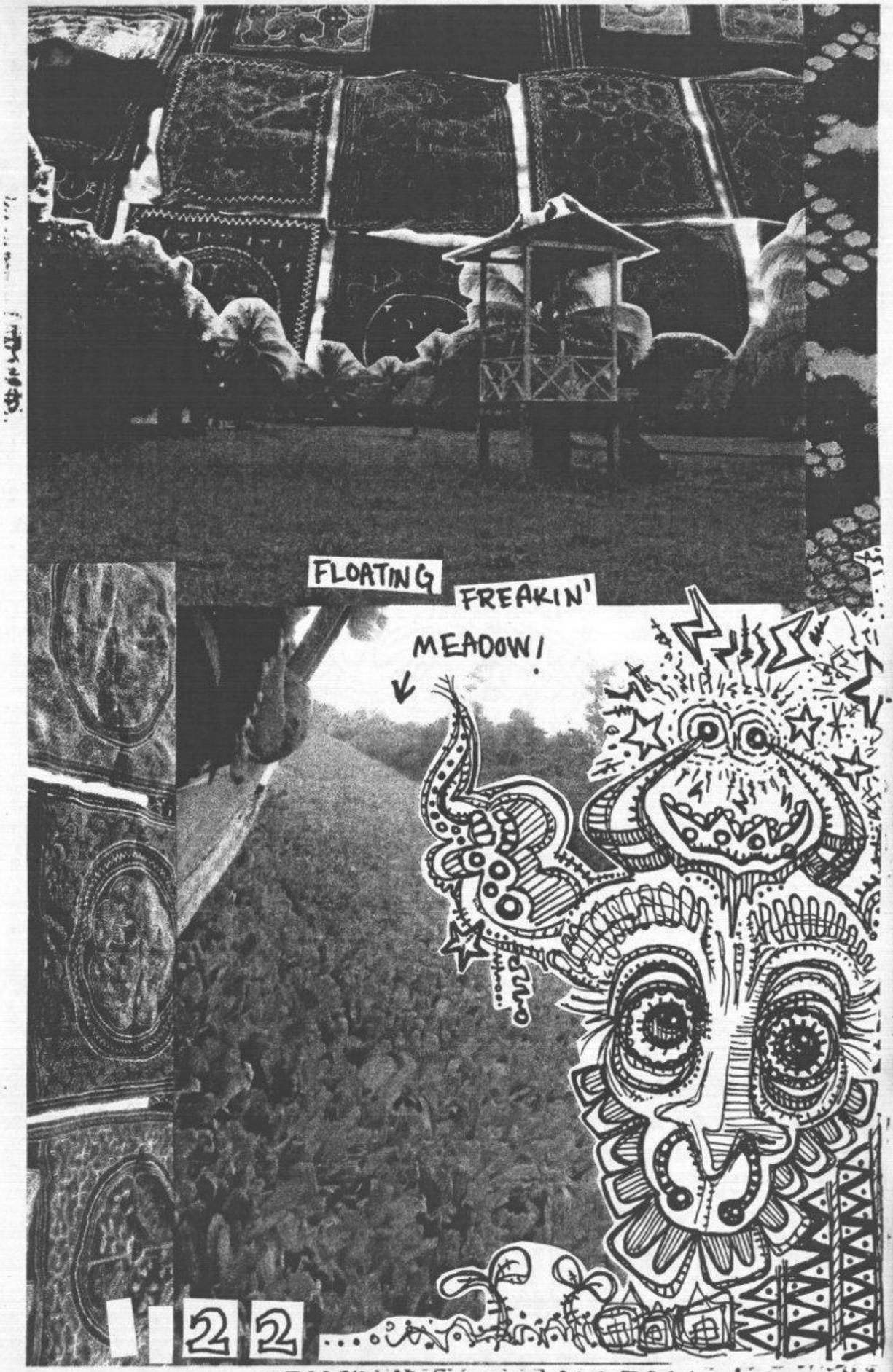
yes. it is science. see figure 1.

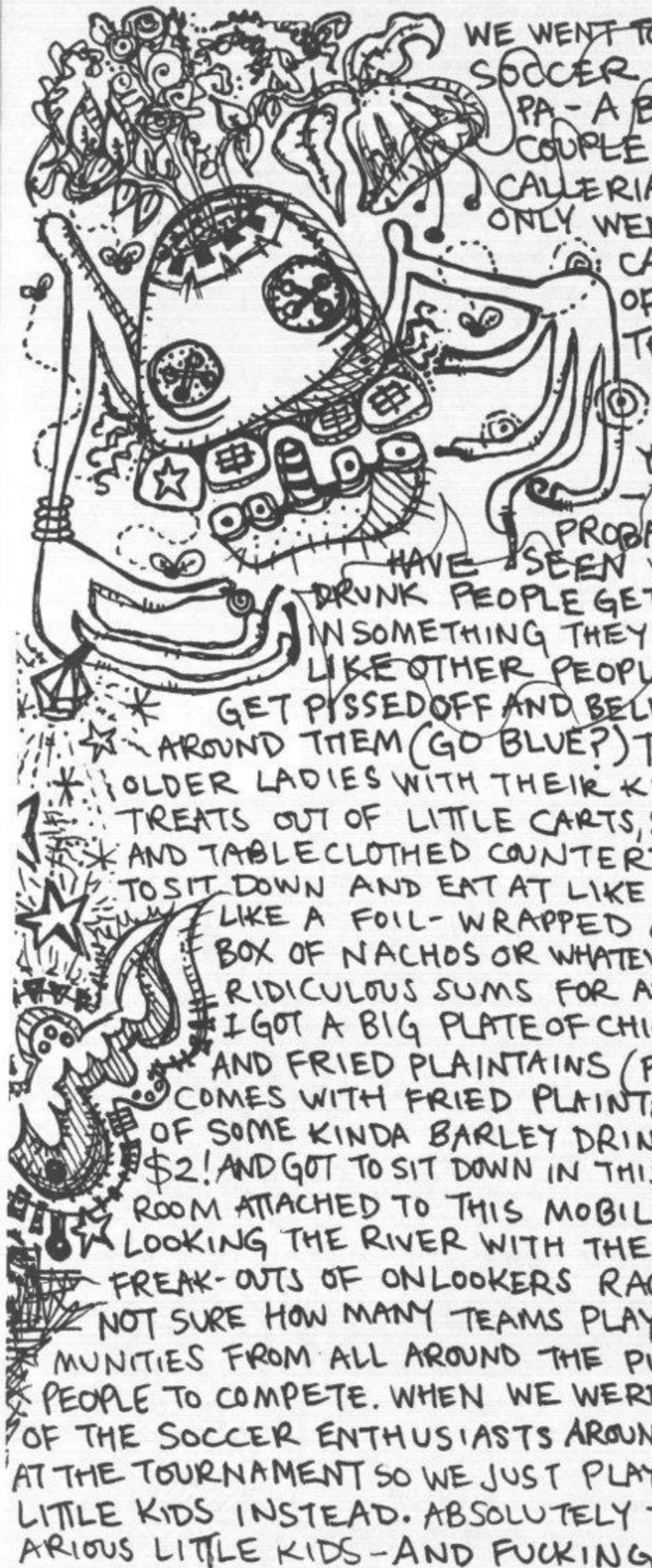
ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

ON THE WAY TO CALLERIA WE SAW PINK RIVER DOLPHINS (SOME OF WHICH, SOMEHOW, ARE GREY) - WHO ALLEGEDLY HAVE A CIVILIZATION IDENTICAL TO OURS UNDERWATER AND ARE WHOLLY RESPONSIBLE FOR TEENAGE PREGNANCY (THE RASCAL-BASTARDS). THE FOLKLORE IS THAT IF A GIRL GOES IN THE RIVER WHILE MENSTRUATING SHE WILL BE KIDNAPPED BY A DOLPHIN AND TAKEN TO THEIR UNDERWATER WORLD TO BE ITS BRIDE - WHAT A CHARMING EUPHEMISM FOR "INTERSPECIES RAPE." ALSO YOUNG WOMEN APPARENTLY OFTEN BLAME UNEXPECTED PREGNANCIES ON THE PINK RIVER DOLPHINS, AS THEY ARE CAPABLE OF TRANSFORMING THEMSELVES INTO HUMAN BABES AND SEDUCING THE LADIES. SO I GUESS THERE ARE PEOPLE ROAMING AROUND THE AMAZON WITH DOLPHIN BLOOD. IMAGINE! HOW WOULD YOU EVEN KNOW? BEWARE PEOPLE WITH EXCESSIVE ENTHUSIASM FOR FISH AND, UM, PERIOD BLOOD. BUT THE DOLPHINS WERE BEAUTIFUL, FOR REAL. THE BOAT RIDE TO CALLERIA WAS INCREDIBLE. OUR BOAT GOT STUCK A COUPLE TIMES AND SOME OF US HAD TO JUMP OUT AND JIGGLE IT AROUND TO KEEP GOING.



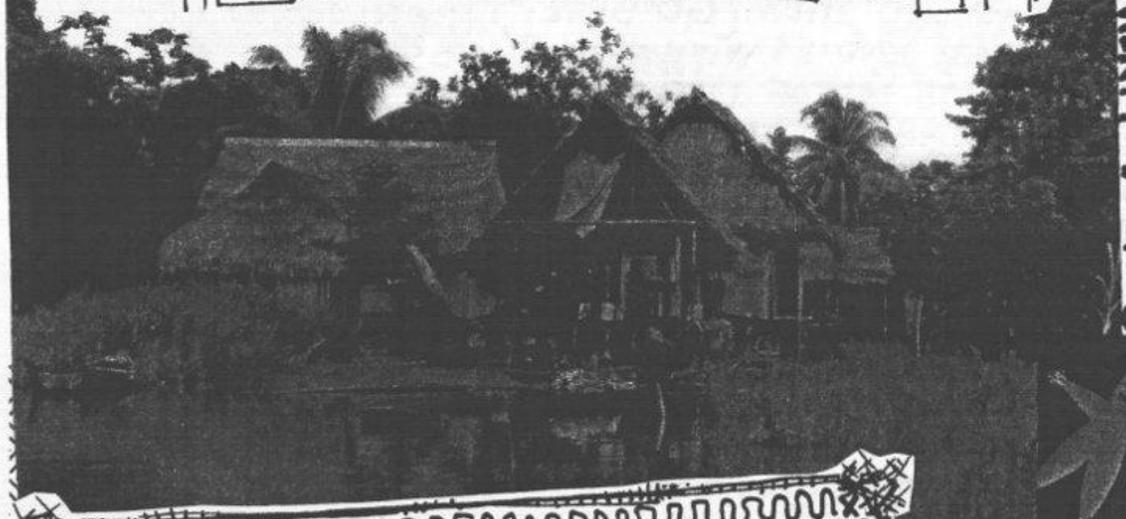
THERE WERE A LOT OF FLOATING MEADOWS ALONG THE WAY WHICH ARE GORGEOUS BUT AWFUL TO NAVIGATE A BOAT THROUGH, SINCE THEY ARE ESSENTIALLY JUST EXPANSIVE SHEETS OF WATERLILIES + THINGS ACROSS THE WATER THAT TEND TO GET TANGLED UP IN PROPELLERS. LEAVING CALLERIA WE GOT STUCK BAD AND IMMEDIATELY OUR BOAT STARTED FILLING WITH OPPORTUNISTIC ANTS, CRAWLING UP THE PLANTS WE'D GOTTEN TANGLED IN. IT SUCKED AT THE TIME BUT LOOKING BACK NOW THE IMAGE OF A BOAT FULL OF COLLEGE KIDS TAKING OFF OUR SHOES AND GETTING SLAP-HAPPY ON A BARRAGE OF ANTS WHILE SOMEBODY WHIPPED OUT THEIR KNIFE TO DISENTANGLE US FROM THE VI[redacted]NES IS PRETTY FUCKING FUNNY. ... WE SPENT OUR HIKES IN VAGUE [redacted] FEAR OF BULLET ANTS, SO NAMED FOR THEIR SIZE I GUESS AND ALSO AS ANOTHER THING YOU DON'T WANT IN CONTACT WITH YOUR BODY EVER. NOBODY GOT BITTEN BUT APPARENTLY IF YOU DO IT IS EXCRUCIATING PAIN FOLLOWED BY NUMBNESS ALL OVER FOR 24 HOURS. HELL NO. ALSO NOBODY GOT PIRANHA'D BUT RUFO, THE ABSURDLY BADASS MONKEY GUY AT CICRA, CAUGHT ONE WITH A MAGGOT ON A STRING ONE TIME AT COCHA LOBO AND





WE WENT TO AN INDIGENOUS SOCCER TOURNAMENT IN PUCALLPA - A BIG BADASS EVENT OF A COUPLE DAYS BUT WE WERE IN CALLERIA FOR MOST OF IT AND ONLY WENT TO THE LAST ONE. CARAVANED OUT IN A BUNCH OF TUK-TUKS AND SAT IN THE GRASS AND WATCHED SOME GAMES. COULDN'T FIND ANY BEER BUT BEYOND THAT IT WAS GREAT - THOUGH NO BEER WAS PROBABLY FOR THE BEST. I HAVE SEEN WHAT HAPPENS WHEN DRUNK PEOPLE GET EMOTIONALLY INVESTED IN SOMETHING THEY HAVE NO CONTROL OVER LIKE OTHER PEOPLE PLAYING SPORTS AND GET PISSED OFF AND BELLIGERENT AT PEOPLE AROUND THEM (GO BLUE?) THERE WERE A LOT OF OLDER LADIES WITH THEIR KIDS SELLING HOMEMADE TREATS OUT OF LITTLE CARTS, SET UP WITH BENCHES AND TABLECLOTHED COUNTERTOPS AND REAL DISHES TO SIT DOWN AND EAT AT LIKE A REAL MEAL (NOT LIKE A FOIL-WRAPPED CORNDOG OR PLASTIC BOX OF NACHOS OR WHATEVER YOU HAVE TO PAY RIDICULOUS SUMS FOR AT U.S. SPORTING EVENTS). I GOT A BIG PLATE OF CHICKEN AND SPAGHETTI AND FRIED PLAINTAINS (PRETTY MUCH EVERYTHING COMES WITH FRIED PLAINTAINS) AND A BIG GLASS OF SOME KINDA BARLEY DRINK FOR LIKE 6 SOLES - $2! AND GOT TO SIT DOWN IN THIS LITTLE MINI-DINING ROOM ATTACHED TO THIS MOBILE MINI-KITCHEN OVERLOOKING THE RIVER WITH THE GAME AND THE HAPPY FREAK-OUTS OF ONLOOKERS RAGING BEHIND ME. I'M NOT SURE HOW MANY TEAMS PLAYED BUT SHIPIBO COMMUNITIES FROM ALL AROUND THE PUCALLPA AREA SENT PEOPLE TO COMPETE. WHEN WE WERE IN CALLERIA MOST OF THE SOCCER ENTHUSIASTS AROUND OUR AGE WERE OFF AT THE TOURNAMENT SO WE JUST PLAYED WITH ALL THE LITTLE KIDS INSTEAD. ABSOLUTELY THE CUTEST MOST HILARIOUS LITTLE KIDS - AND FUCKING GOOD, TOO. GENERALLY WHEN PLAYING GAMES WITH CHILDREN I JUST HALF-ASS IT TO LET THEM WIN BUT THIS WAS ACTUALLY PRETTY

WELL-BALANCED, SKILLS VS. TALLNESS-WISE. LIKE FIVE OF US BIG COLLEGE KIDS VERSUS NINE OR TEN ITTY-BITS (IT WAS THEIR IDEA TO DO THE TEAMS THAT WAY). THEY WERE ALL VERY DRAMATIC, BIG FANS OF THE KICK-THE-BALL-AND-COLLAPSE GESTURE, FALLING TO THEIR KNEES AND ROLLING IN THE GRASS & YELLING "GOOOOAAAALLL!!!" IN GREAT DISPLAYS OF TEAM SOLIDARITY. SOMETIMES THEY WOULD FALL DOWN AND ROLL AROUND EVEN WHEN SOMEBODY ELSE HAD KICKED IT, EVEN IF THEY WERE ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE FIELD FROM THE ACTION, OR THERE HAD BEEN NO GOAL.



AT ANY GIVEN POINT AT LEAST ONE MEMBER OF THEIR TEAM WAS JUST ON THE GROUND FOR THE HELL OF IT. TYLER HAD INTRODUCED THEM TO BEATBOXING SO THEY WERE ALL RUNNING AROUND BUZZING & CLICKING THE WHOLE TIME WE WERE THERE. THE TOWN HAD ONE BICYCLE + ALL DAY LONG YOU WOULD SEE IT GOING FROM ONE END TO THE OTHER WITH A DIFFERENT KID EVERY TIME.

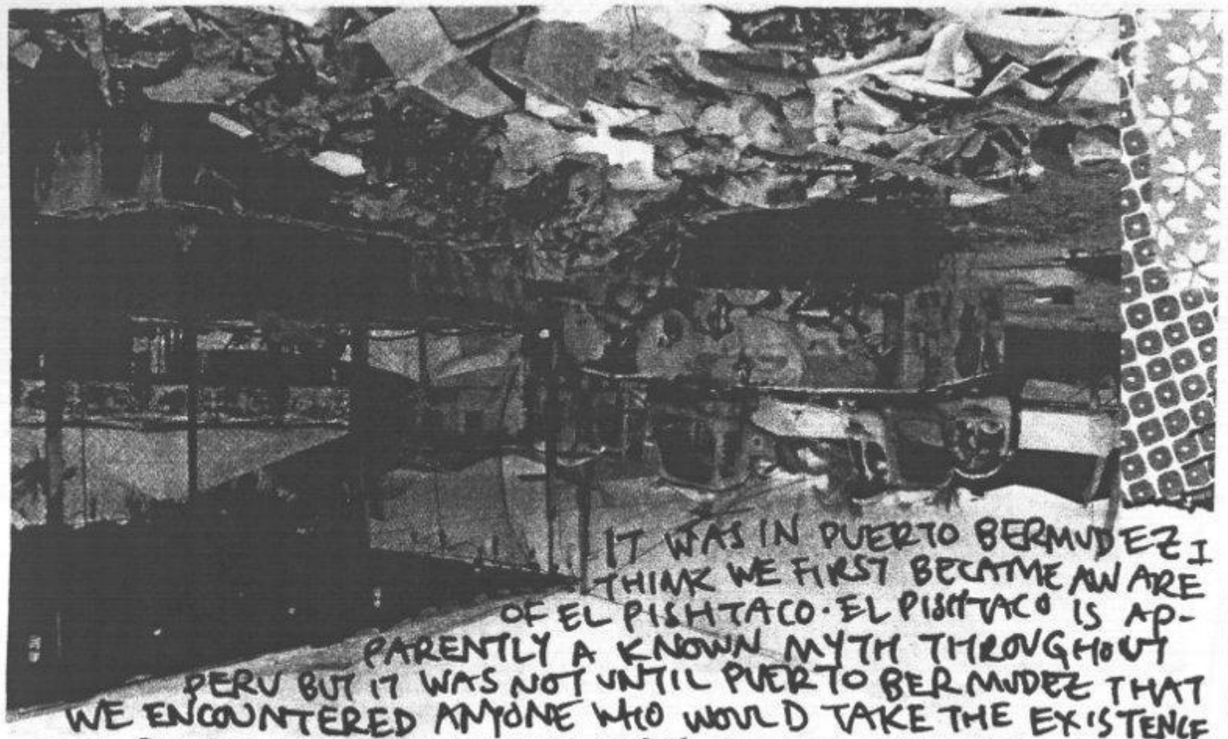
SMALL CHILD OPENING COCONUTS WITH A HUGE MACHETE

↑THE LADIES OF CALLERIA MADE FUCKING GORGEOUS SUPER INTRICATE WEAVINGS → AND PAINTINGS ON CANVAS & TAUGHT US HOW TO DO SOME LITTLE BITTY ONES (WITH MUD! FUCK YEAH AMAZON ARTS & CRAFTS PARTY ALL DAY!)

IRRELEVANT!

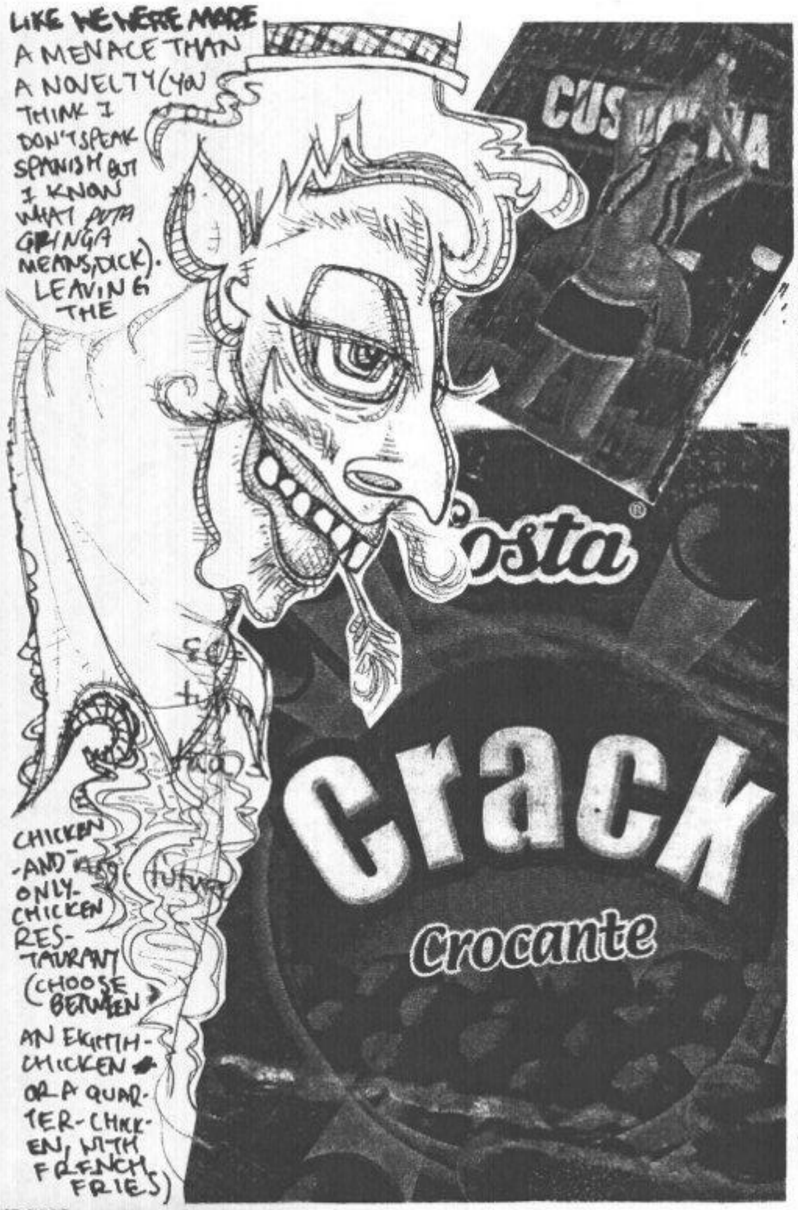
YEH; I'M IN A BAND. WE'RE CALLED TBA -STANDS FER "TOTALLY BAD-ASS." YOU'VE PROBABLY SEEN US ON FLIERS 'N' SHIT - WE PLAY A LOTTA GIGS. LIVE FAST, DIE YOUNG, RIGHT? HEH, HEH... I WOULD SAY YOU SHOULD COME SEE US, BUT, YOU KNOW, WE USUALLY PLAY AT BARS 'N' STUFF, 'N' SEEIN' HOW YER UNDER-AGE 'N' ALL ... SO, UH, YOU WANT ME TO TAKE YOU TO AN R-RATED MOVIE? OR I COULD BUY YOU SOME LOTTO TICKETS OR...

MUFF CABBAGE



IT WAS IN PUERTO BERMUDEZ I THINK WE FIRST BECAME AWARE OF EL PISHTACO. EL PISHTACO IS APPARENTLY A KNOWN MYTH THROUGHOUT PERU BUT IT WAS NOT UNTIL PUERTO BERMUDEZ THAT WE ENCOUNTERED ANYONE WHO WOULD TAKE THE EXISTENCE OF EL PISHTACO AS FACT. IT IS SORT OF LIKE SASQUATCH OR SKUNK-APE OR THE WILD GHOST-OF-ELVIS PIG- THE SORT OF STORY WHERE MOST EVERYONE IS AWARE OF IT BUT YOU HAVE TO GET REAL REMOTE DOWN-THE-DIRT-ROADS-AND THROUGH-THE-WOODS TO FIND PEOPLE WHO ARE ACTUALLY WORRIED ABOUT IT. WE HAD TO DRIVE EIGHT HOURS FROM PUCALLPA TO GET TO PUERTO BERMUDEZ (20 PEOPLE SPLIT BETWEEN TWO PICK-UP TRUCKS) MOSTLY ON GRAVEL ROADS THROUGH FARMLANDS AND POCKETS OF JUNGLE AND TINY TOWNS AND HUGE PASTURES SO IT WAS PRETTY REMOTE INDEED. BY AWKWARD COINCIDENCE THE GROUP I WAS TRAVELING WITH WAS ALMOST ENTIRELY WHITE AND IN MOST OF THE PLACES WE DROVE THROUGH OUT OF PUCALLPA WE MUST HAVE BEEN A VERY STRANGE SIGHT — A FREAKIN' GRINGO PARADE — OBVIOUSLY WE WEREN'T FROM AROUND THERE BUT IN PUERTO BERMUDEZ IT STARTED TO GET A LITTLE WEIRD.

LIKE WE WERE MORE A MENACE THAN A NOVELTY (YOU THINK I DON'T SPEAK SPANISH BUT I KNOW WHAT *PUTA GRINGA* MEANS, DICK). LEAVING THE



CHICKEN-AND-ONLY-CHICKEN RESTAURANT (CHOOSE BETWEEN AN EIGHTH-CHICKEN OR A QUARTER-CHICKEN, WITH FRENCH FRIES)

ONE NIGHT HE TOLD US ABOUT EL PISHTACO — A TALL WHITE FIGURE (WITH FLYING CAPABILITIES) WHO HOVERS FROM PLACE TO PLACE, KILLING PEOPLE TO STEAL + SELL (AND I THINK SOMETIMES EAT, I DON'T REMEMBER) THEIR ORGANS AND BODILY BITS — APPARENTLY HE IS ESPECIALLY PARTIAL TO EYEBALLS AND FAT (BUT WHO ISN'T, RIGHT?). IN OTHER VARIATIONS I'VE HEARD HE SELLS THE FAT TO EUROPEAN COMPANIES THAT TURN IT IN TO COSMETICS (VERY ★ TYLER DURDEN), THAT HE KILLS PEOPLE AND HANGS THEM HEADLESS UPSIDE-DOWN OVER BIG BUCKETS IN THE WOODS SO THE FAT CAN ALL DRIP OUT AND THIS DOESN'T SOUND ANLIKE MAPLE TREES). A GO TO POORER COUNTRIES US, CANADA + WESTERN EVERYTHING WAS BEING TAKEN THEN SELL THE KIDS' ⇒ THIS SORT OF CHILDREN WHO WOULD THINKING ANOTHER DISTURB ING

Nutria
Lontra longicaudis

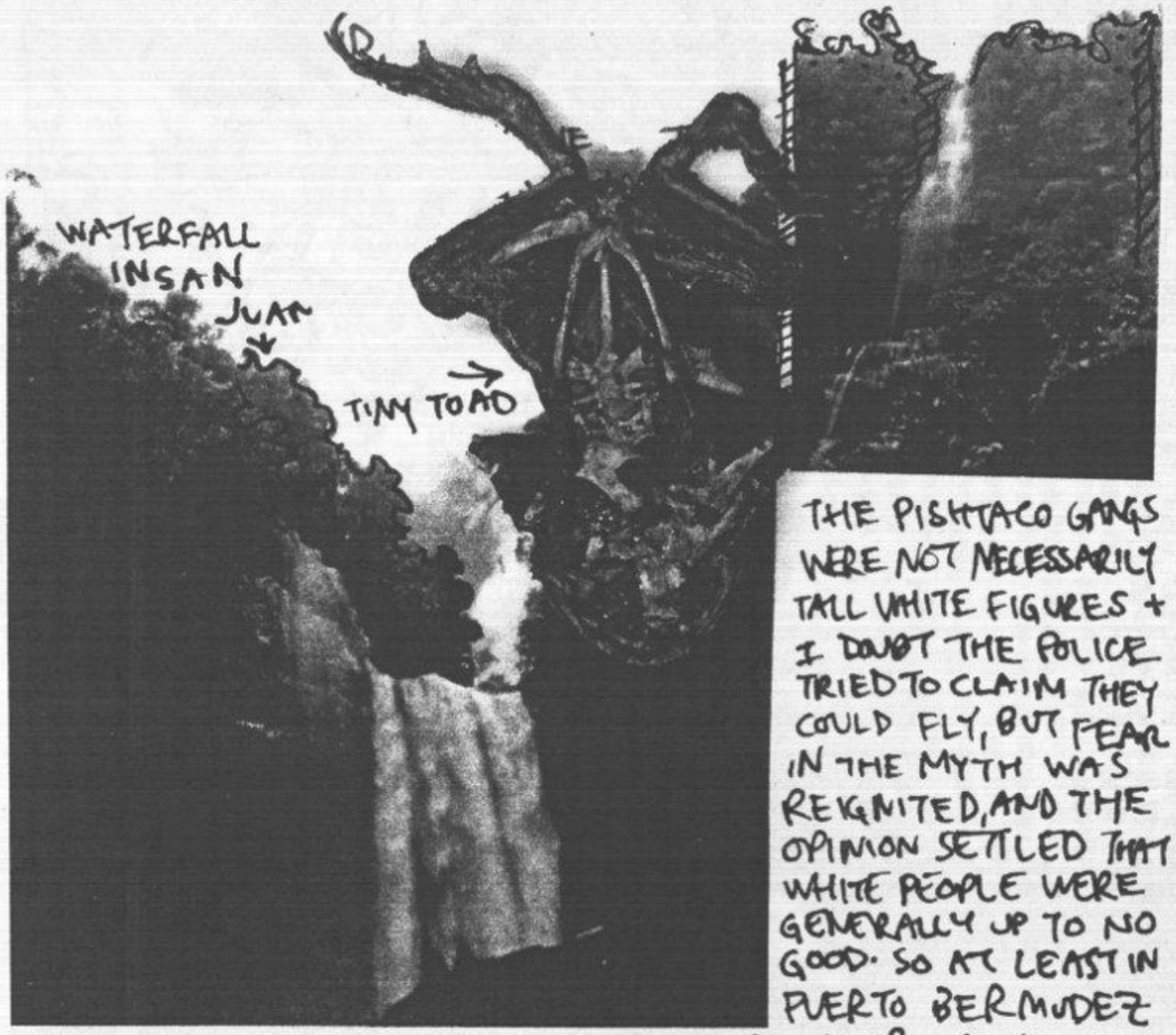
Lobo de río
Pteronura brasiliensis

PLE AND ANY- SO I MORE AND FOUND HOAX, RELEASED POLICE TO COVER SCARIER (I THIN SPONSORED DEA EXECUTING THEY'D BEEN LIKE, TAKE--WOODS- AND EXECUTED, SIBLE MAKES MUCH MORE SO THE COPS ALL FREAKED AND THE STORY DISAPPEARED. I APOLOGIZE. PARENTLY USED IN BATTLE

THEN COMES BACK LATER AND COLLECTS IT ALL (BUT ATOMICALLY RIGHT TO ME — I DON'T THINK HUMANS WORK SORT-OF-RELATED MYTH SAYS THAT TALL WHITE FIGURES AND STEAL CHILDREN TO SELL TO ADOPTION AGENCIES IN THE OPE, BUT THIS IS MUCH MORE BASED ON FACT — APPARENTLY HAPPENING IN HAITI FOLLOWING THE EARTHQUAKE — FROM STILL-LIVING PARENTS BY A "NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATION" THEM TO WELL-MEANING RICH COUPLES LOOKING TO ADOPT PARENTS HAD BEEN KILLED). SICK, SAD WORLD.

THING I FOUND TRYING TO LEARN MORE ABOUT THE PISHTACO WAS HOW THE STORY ENDED UP IN THE NEWS A FEW YEARS AGO — THERE WERE ARTICLES ABOUT GANGS CARRYING ON LIKE REAL-LIFE PISHTACOS, KILLING PEOPLE AND LEAVING THEM UPSIDE-DOWN IN THE WOODS, SELLING THEIR FAT TO SOME ITALIAN MAKE-UP COMPANY (OR WAS IT IMPLANTS? I DON'T COMPLETELY REMEMBER — EITHER WAY, SOMETHING SILLY VAIN AND NOT [redacted] BODY FOR). REMOTELY WORTH BEHEADING LOOKED INTO IT IT SOUNDED A OUT IT WAS ALL A LITTLE ABSURD TO THE NEWS BY THE UP SOMETHING MUCH K) — GOVERNMENT TH SQUADS, POLICE [redacted] PRISONERS BEFORE TRIED (AND I MEAN YOU-OUT-IN-THE -SHOOT-YOU WHICH IF POS- IT JUST THAT DEMORALIZING GOT EVERYONE OUT ABOUT PISHTACO GANGS ON THE DEATH SQUADS JUST SORT OF FUCKED. THIS IS ALL PRETTY GRUESOME AND BUT DAMN. ALSO THE SPANISH AP- TO RENDER THE FAT OF SLAIN NATIVES TO RUB ON THEIR WOUNDS...

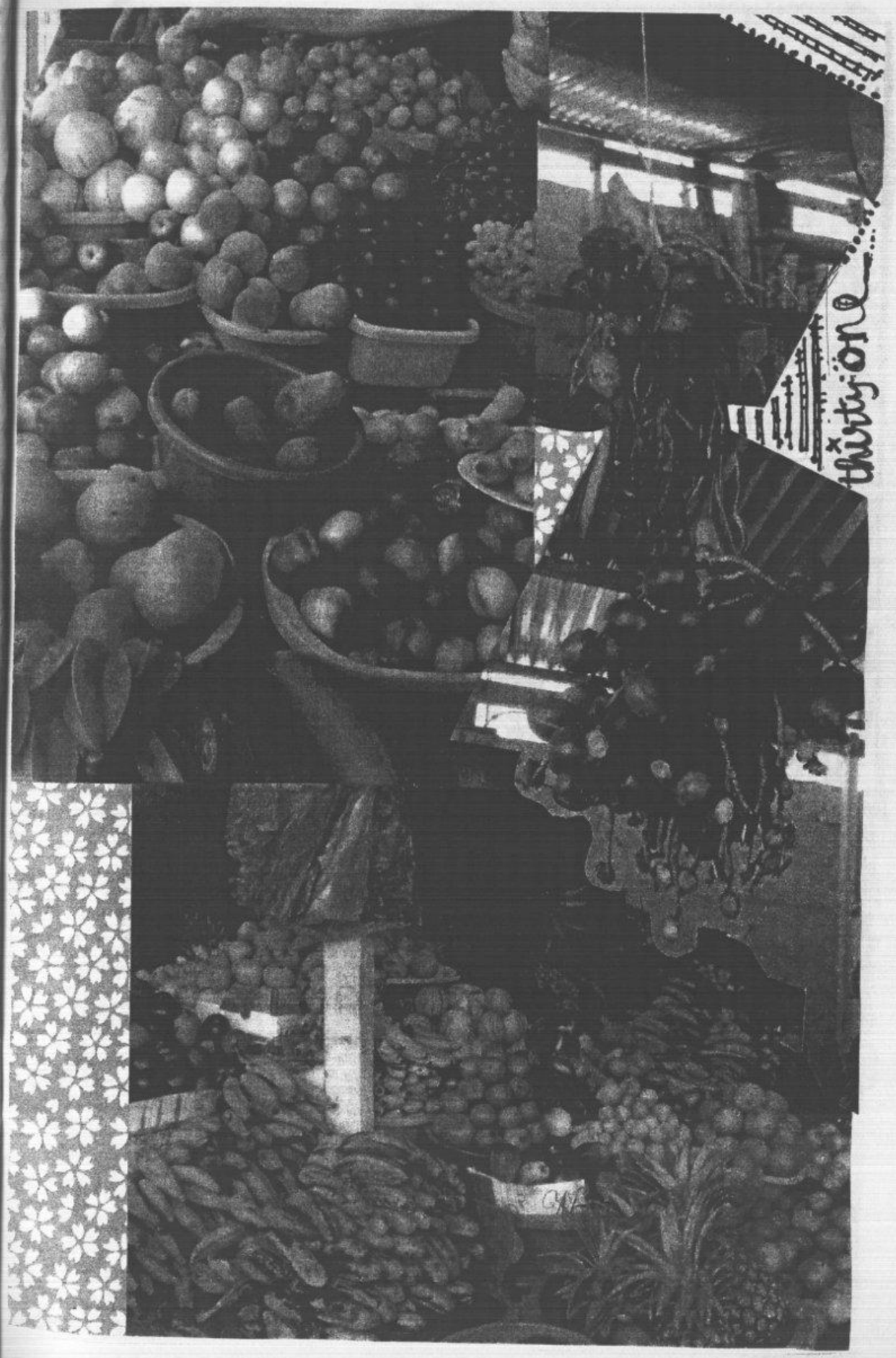
SORRY FOR THIS BRIEF WALKTHROUGH AND TO CONDENSE SO MUCH STUFF



THE PISHTACO GANGS WERE NOT NECESSARILY TALL WHITE FIGURES + I DOUBT THE POLICE TRIED TO CLAIM THEY COULD FLY, BUT FEAR IN THE MYTH WAS REKINITED, AND THE OPINION SETTLED THAT WHITE PEOPLE WERE GENERALLY UP TO NO GOOD. SO AT LEAST IN PUERTO BERMUDEZ WE WERE ALL EYED A LITTLE WEARILY, ESPECIALLY WHEN SAYING HI TO LITTLE KIDS AND BEING OVERLY FRIENDLY AND JUST TOO DAMN EXCITED AND PERHAPS ALL ACTING LIKE WE WERE TRYING TO LURE PEOPLE OFF IN THE WOODS TO STEAL THEIR EYEBALLS. GRINGOS.

30

☆San Juan



I'M STARTING TO FEEL LIKE I AM REPEATING MYSELF A LOT, DESCRIBING EVERYTHING A BIT CARTOONISHLY, USING THE WORD "ADVENTURE" A LITTLE TOO OFTEN. GUSHING + GETTING DETAILS EXCITED. GIDDY BUT WITHOUT ENOUGH TO SHOW WHAT I AM SO DAMNED ABOUT - JUST "SO PRETTY OH IT WAS AWESOME" DOING THE SAME THING I DID TALKING TO PEOPLE WHEN I FIRST GOT BACK - "HOW WAS PERU?" "IT WAS FUCKING GREAT!" AND THEN A VACANT SMILEY STARE AND "I SAW MONKEYS!" AND THAT'S ABOUT IT. I AM NO GOOD AT PUTTING MYSELF BACK IN MY OWN HEAD, INTO A TIME I HAVE LONG SINCE CHECKED OUT OF, THAT I HAVE ONLY AS SOME SMATTERING OF IMAGES, BOATS & BRIGHT COLORS AND ANIMALS NOW. AND TREACHEROUS TUK-TUK RIDES & CHEAP AWESOME FOOD & SO MANY BEERS. I CAN'T HELP WHAT I REMAIN AND WHAT I DON'T, OR I'M SURE I COULD IF I SMOKED LESS WEED & DIDN'T SPEND SO MUCH TIME DAYDREAMING (WHICH I WON'T) OR IF I MADE MYSELF WRITE MORE OFTEN (WHICH HOPEFULLY I WILL, IN THE NEAR FUTURE, WHEN I FINISH THIS THING AND LEAVE MICHIGAN & START ANEW). SPEAKING OF WHICH SOMEHOW FROM WRITING THE INTRO TO NOW I WENT FROM A FEW MONTHS TO ONLY THREE WEEKS LEFT IN MICHIGAN & TILL I HAVE TOLD MYSELF THIS WILL BE DONE. IT IS ASTOUNDING HOW LITTLE I'VE FINISHED THAT I'M WILLING TO LET ANYBODY SEE (AND HOW MUCH I'VE DONE THAT I'M NOT) AND HOW MUCH MORE SHIT IS IN MY HEAD THAT I COULD ONLY GET OUT IF I LET MYSELF TAKE FOREVER TO FINISH. AND I WOULD PROBABLY STILL BE DISAPPOINTED. MOST OF ALL IT IS ASTOUNDING WHAT A [redacted] ASSHOLE I AM & HOW MUCH TIME I DEVOTE TO WRITING ABOUT BEING A WHINY SHIT WRITER. HOW MUCH I'VE SPEWED OUT THAT HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE AMAZON, ME GOING ON ABOUT WHO-CARES-WHAT. PISS-STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS-HARDCORE NEUROTICA. WELL LET'S GET BACK TO PERU SO THIS ZINE WILL AT LEAST END

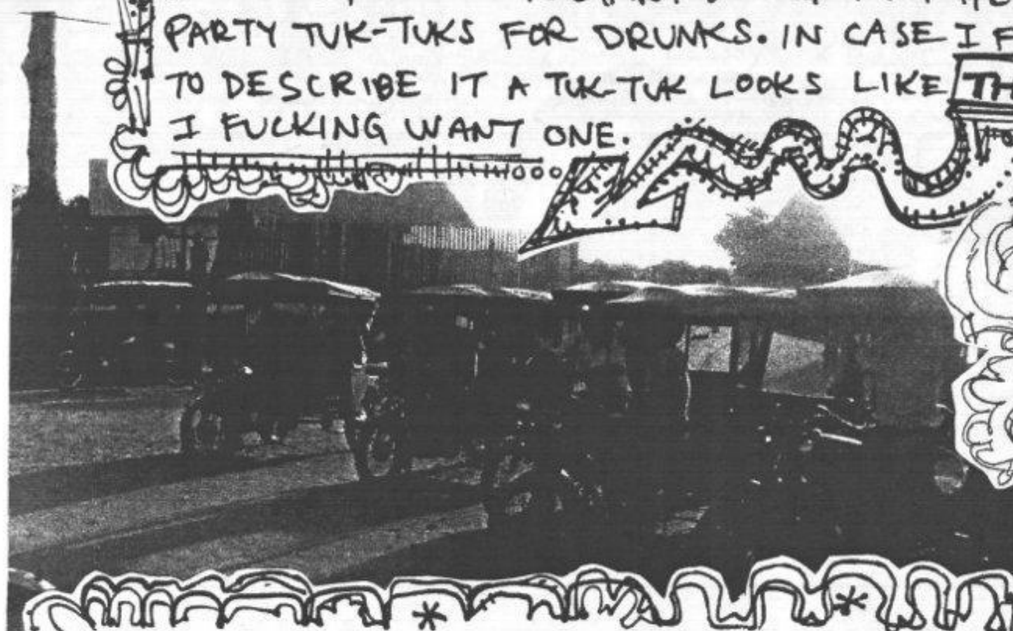
SOUNDING LIKE IT HAD A POINT. 33

SOME TIDBITS: BERMUDEZ THAT "HOOT DOGS." TYLER LET US STICK AROUND. "STARTED TO AND IT IS DELICIOUS. END OF THE TRIP BEERS" WHICH WAS EVERY TIME WE RE- AWAY IN THE JUNGLE IS A BRAND OF CIGARETTES CALLED "KAMIKAZE." THERE WAS ALSO A KIND OF CHOCOLATE CANDY CALLED "CRACK" AND IT IS FUCKING AWESOME SPRLED ON A SPOONFUL OF PEANUT BUTTER. A BIG PURPLE BAG GOES FOR ABOUT 2 BUCKS (VALUE!!) ACTUALLY YOU COULD BUY REAL BAGS OF COCA LEAVES AT THE FLEA MARKET FOR CHEAP AS HELL AND EITHER MAKE THEM INTO AWESOME TEA (KICKS MATÉ'S ASS) OR CHEW THEM WITH A PINCH OF ALKALIZER GOO TO RELEASE THE, YOU KNOW, COKEYNESS. DRINKING A WHOLE BUNCH OF COCA TEA AND RUNNING OFF ALL JACKED UP TO PLAY SOCCER AT CICRA WAS ONE OF THE MOST FUN THINGS IMAGINABLE. IF ANYONE EVER FEELS LIKE DONATING AN 8-BALL OR TWO TO A STATESIDE SOCCER TOURNAMENT I WOULD BE SO DOWN. IT TOOK ME ABOUT AN HOUR TO FIND THE POST OFFICE IN PUCALLPA AND WHEN I DID THEY WERE BLASTING BRITNEY SPEARS. I BEAT MOST OF MY POSTCARDS BACK TO THE U.S. [redacted] IT WAS SO HUMID THAT ALL OF MY ENVELOPES SEALED THEMSELVES SHUT. CHORIZO PIZZA, AS [redacted] IS TO BE EXPECTED, IS FUCKING BRILLIANT. MY INTESTINES HATE SAN JUAN, BUT THE REST OF ME THOUGHT IT WAS BEAUTIFUL. I DON'T THINK I CAN EVER EAT QUINOA AGAIN. I NARROWLY ESCAPED EATING A CHICKEN FOOT IN A BOWL OF SOUP + MUST SAY I'M PRETTY GLAD. NEITHER COULD I BRING MYSELF TO EAT FRIED GUINEA PIG, THOUGH I'VE HEARD IT'S TOO FATTY ANYWAY. IN A FEVERED HAZE, UNABLE TO SLEEP & UNABLE TO MOVE, I SPENT THE BETTER PART OF A MORNING TRYING TO COME

PROCLAIMED BEING OFF

INK

UP WITH THE DEFINITIVE SOUND A ROOSTER MAKES, AND WAS SUPER EXCITED (DELUSIONAL) TO FINALLY DECIDE IT WAS SOMETHING ALONG THE LINES OF "ERT-A-RERR" THE PERUVIAN EQUIVALENT OF "HERE KITTY KITTY" IS "MICHE MICHE MICHE!" OUR HOSTEL IN PUERTO BERMUDEZ WAS RUN BY A SPANISH EX-PAT NAMED JESUS WHO HAD TWO OF THE CUTEST LITTLE MICHES AROUND. UNTIL I FOUND OUT IT WAS A WORD I FIGURED THAT WAS JUST THEIR NAME (BOTH OF THEM? LIKE PETE + PETE) BECAUSE HE WOULD SET OUT THEIR FOOD AND YELL "MICHE MICHE MICHE!" EVERYONE IN LIMA DRIVES LIKE AN ASSHOLE. LIMA ACTUALLY WASN'T ALL THAT GREAT, THOUGH I ONLY LEFT THE HOSTEL ONCE BECAUSE THE REST OF THE TIME THE WALLS WERE BREATHING AND FURNITURE SPINNING AROUND. ACTUALLY I'M SURE IT IS LOVELY OR WOULD BE IF I'D GONE OUT AND EXPLORED, BUT I WAS IN A PRETTY ROTTEN MOOD WHEN WE WERE THERE SINCE I COULDN'T KEEP DOWN FOOD OR REALLY DO MUCH OF ANYTHING. POLLUTED AS FUCK, THOUGH. FAST FOOD RESTAURANTS EVERYWHERE. MORE LIKE FAST FOOD PALACES, ACTUALLY. FUCKING HUGE AND BOASTING IN NEON THINGS LIKE "EL KILOMETRO" (THE METRIC EXAGGERATED EQUIVALENT OF A FOOTLONG HOOT DOG). CASINOS ALL OVER IN LIMA TOO—ONE OF WHICH WAS CALLED "PREMIE." AT THE FLEA MARKET IN PUERTO MALDONADO I FOUND SOME GREAT EDUCATIONAL PAMPHLETS ON PROSTITUTION AND BIBLE STORIES AND SWINE FLU AND EVEN ONE ON "ABORTO ESPONTANEO" (SCATTERED ALL OVER THE COUNTRY, STILL THE BEST SHITTY BAND AROUND). IN A FLOATING RESTAURANT IN PUCALLPA THEY WERE BLASTING A HILARIOUS SPANISH TRANSLATION COVER OF "TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE HEART." IN A SWANKY RESTAURANT IN PUERTO MALDONADO THEY PLAYED NOTHING BUT BRITISH + U.S. 80S ROCK FROM WHEN WE WALKED IN TO WHEN WE LEFT, AND WHO KNOWS IF IT WAS THEIR SPECIAL GRINGO MIX OR IF THEY JUST PLAY THAT SORT OF THING ALL THE TIME. DANCING TO BILLY IDOL WITH A PITCHER OF SANGRIA—YES, PLEASE. BRILLIANT. TEARING ASS AROUND TOWN ON THE BACK OF A MOPED. GETTING A TUK-TUK RIDE FROM ANYWHERE TO JUST ABOUT ANYWHERE ELSE FOR LIKE A BUCK. SOMEBODY NEEDS TO START DOING THAT HERE—PARTY TUK-TUKS FOR DRUNKS. IN CASE I FORGOT TO DESCRIBE IT A TUK-TUK LOOKS LIKE THIS I FUCKING WANT ONE.



OR I WANT ONE OF MY FRIENDS TO GET ONE AND DRIVE ME ALL OVER THE PLACE TO REDUCE THE RISK OF ME CRASHING THAT SHIT. ALSO IN CASE YOU'VE NEVER SEEN ONE, THE INSIDE OF A PASSION-FRUIT LOOKS LIKE THIS AND IS BRIGHT YELLOW-ORANGE WITH BLACK SEEDS INSIDE. SORT OF MAKES YOU FEEL LIKE YOU ARE EATING FETAL ALIENS OR SOMETHING BUT THEY ARE DELICIOUS.

AND ON THE LAST FEW PAGES WHATEVER SHIT I COULDN'T FIT IN ANYWHERE ELSE

WELL SHIT I HAVE RUN OUT OF TIME, SPACE + PATIENCE TO WRITE ABOUT U.S. TRAVELS AFTER PERU

BUT HERE ARE SOME CHIPS FROM NOLA:

Chipy

SuperYAPA!

Palitos de maíz con sabor a queso

Peso Neto 36g 2.3g

Potato Chips

Doodoo Gumbo

AND SOME FROM PERU:

Original Cajun Kettle Recipe

LIMITED EDITION

NET WT. 5.5 OZ. (156 GRAMS)

ZIPZAP

EEEEE BLAAA

EEEEE-TED THANKS TED

...PERHAPS WE COULD USE THAT TO OUR ADVANTAGE.

IF THEY GOT TRAPPED ANY-WHERE & THEY COULD EAT THEIR WAY OUT

OUR DOGS ARE TOO FAT TO HIDE UNDER ANYTHING

MAYBE it's NOT THAT BAD. I SAW PEEP A FEW CATS AGO, AND AS FAR AS I KNOW SHE'S OUR ONLY CAT...

MY HOUSE HAS A HARDING PROBLEM. WE SHOULD BE ON THAT SHOW WITH THE OLD LADIES WHAT HAVE 40 CATS IN THEIR HOUSE & HALF OF THEM HAVE BEEN DEAD FOR MONTHS, BURIED UNDER PILES OF TRASH...

JUST SLATHER EVERYTHING IN BUTTER & LET DARRYL TAKE CARE OF IT...

Fat Thor

Fuck a yard sale

BITCH COPTER!

Endless fuckin'

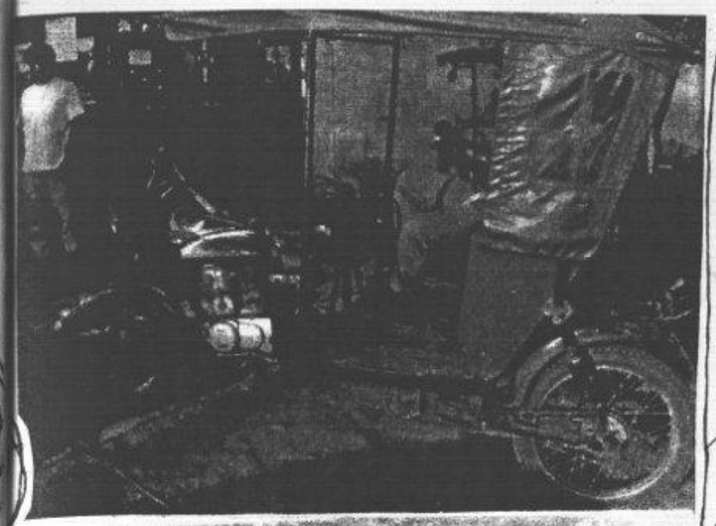
BABY FUD

ZUHHHG...

*MAIN + SUMMIT R.I.P (YOU DIRTY BASTARD)

WORST FORMATTING EVER BY ME
TITTY BEAST BY NATE HIGLEY

YOU THINK I DON'T KNOW WHERE THOSE COOKIES CAME FROM YOU SONOFABITCH?!



mmm... "grissly"...

BASICALLY PERU'S KOOL-AID

VALENT (ALSO COMES IN PURPLE CORN FLAVOR)

He holds him with his skinny hand,

'There was a ship,' quoth he.

Hold off ! unhand me,

grey-beard loon !'

TA-DA. THE END. MANY OVERZEALOUS THANKS TO LAURA THOMAS AND KEN MIKOLOWSKI (THERE WILL BE POETRY IN THE NEXT ONE, I PROMISE) FOR WRITING ENCOURAGEMENT (LAURA FOR LOTS OF PATIENCE + EDITING HELP); LOVELY FAMILY + FRIENDS; DAVE FOR THE DEER PICTURE (FIG. 1) AND NATE FOR SHITTY FLOWERS + A LOVELY PORTRAIT OF ME, BRET + LIZ, WILDLANDS STUDIES, + EVERYONE INVOLVED.

FLEETWOOD DINER, WHERE MOST OF THIS WAS COMPILED. COFFEE REFILLS, COOL ANIMALS, + YOU FOR READING

WORDS ON PREVIOUS PAGE FROM "THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER" (THANKS SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE)

☆WHOOOOO!!

SEND FEEDBACK, CONTRIBUTIONS, OR YOUR OWN SHITTY ZINE TO:

MARGOT
P.O. BOX
7343
Ann Arbor,
MI 48107

"SOUTHEASTERN MICHIGAN'S FINEST SEMI-AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL POST-RAPTURE SAPPY FEELINGS + OFFENSIVE PICTURES ZINE" -ARTSPEW SNOOTFEST DICKBLOG

"PLEASE HELP ME I AM TRAPPED INSIDE THIS ZINE" -TINY SKELETAL TOAD

"CHOCK-FULL OF DELICIOUS ORGANS" -EL PISHTACO